

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.			
MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD.			
Express daily (except Sunday)	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	
Mail Train	3:40	12:30	
Nashville (daily except Sunday)	8:40	1:15	
Depot at head of Main street.			
Ticket Office, 287 Main street, corner of Madison.			
MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE R.R.			
Arrives.	Leaves.		
A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.		
N. O. Mail (daily)	2:25	3:30	
Nashville (daily except Sunday)	8:30	1:15	
Freight (daily except Sunday)	4:30	5:50	
Depot at foot of Main street.			
Ticket Office, 287 Main street, corner of Madison.			
M. BURKE, Gen'l Sup't.			
MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R.R.			
Arrives.	Leaves.		
A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.		
Mail train daily	12:10	3:40	
Express train daily	12:10	3:40	
Somerville train daily	8:00	4:50	
(except Sunday)			
Ticket office 275 Main street.			
W. J. ROSS, Gen'l Sup't.			
MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK RAILROAD.			
Arrives.	Leaves.		
A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.		
Mail Train daily	1:40	3:40	
Express Train daily	1:40	3:40	
Logansport Depot	8:00	9:15	
Freight and Accommodation	8:00	9:15	
Sleeping cars on mail train.			
Ticket Office, 287 Main street, corner of Madison.			
W. E. SMITH, Act'g Gen'l Sup't.			

RAILROADS.			
LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE			
Great Southern Railroad.			
SCHEDULE.			
Express train leaves daily (except Sunday)	3:15 a.m.		
Mail train leaves daily	12:30 p.m.		
Accommodation leaves daily	4:15 p.m.		
Fullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all night trains.			
For tickets or information, apply at Ticket Office, 287 Main, northeast corner of Madison street.			
JOHN T. PLYNN, Sup't Memphis Div.			
JAMES SPEDD, Ticket Agent.			

MISSISSIPPI & TENNESSEE RAILROAD.			
Change of Schedule.			
MEMPHIS, TENN., October 30, 1875.			
ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1875, trains will run as follows:			
New Orleans mail, daily	3:30 p.m.	2:25 p.m.	
Express train, daily (except Sunday)	11:00 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	
Freight and Accommodation	3:40 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	
Somerville train, daily (except Sunday)	4:50 p.m.	8:05 a.m.	
Close connection for all points East and Southeast.			
Time is twenty minutes faster than city time.			
W. J. ROSS, Gen'l Sup't.			
TOM B. DUNN, Ticket Agent, 275 Main st.			

ONLY ONE NIGHT OUT			
FROM			
Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis			
TO			
NEW YORK,			
VIA THE			
LITTLE MIAMI, PAN HANDLE and Pennsylvania Route.			
Shortest and Quickest to all Eastern Cities.			
DAILY			
THROUGH FROM			
Cincinnati to New York			
IN 26 HOURS.			
ALL SATURDAY TRAINS RUN through to New York without detention.			
Fullman's Palace Drawing-Room and Sleeping Cars on all through trains.			
For Through Tickets,			
Ticket Offices Throughout the South and Southwest.			
SIDNEY B. JONES,			
G. S. W. Pate, Act'g Cincinnati, O.			
W. L. O'BRIEN,			
G. P. and T. Agt., Columbus, O.			

Short Line Railroad			
FOR CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!			
The Quickest, Best and Only Route			
Running Three Daily Lines			
Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars from Louisville to Cincinnati, Columbus, O., Pittsburg, Harrisburgh,			
PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK and other Eastern cities			
WITHOUT CHANGE.			
THE ONLY LINE WITH WHICH PASSENGERS from the South make Direct Connection at Louisville with Through Cars for New York			
ARRIVING ON TRAIN IN ADVANCE of all other lines. Time from Louisville to New York			
Only Thirty-Two Hours			
This Line is Run Ballasted and entirely FREE FROM DIPS. Being equipped with the celebrated Westinghouse Safety Air-Brake, precludes all possibility of collision.			
ONLY ALL RAIL LINE			
Between Louisville and Cincinnati, passing over the Great Iron Railway Bridge at Cincinnati.			
Passengers via this Line avoid a tedious haul through Louisville, by changing Cars at Short Line Junction, three miles south of the city, where they can be served with an excellent meal at BUEBER'S DINING HALL AT ALL HOURS.			
Travel by the Short Line makes close connections with Trunk Lines at Cincinnati for all points North and East.			
Tickets for sale VIA LOUISVILLE AND A SHORT LINE at all ticket offices in the S. W. and Southwest.			
J. H. BAKER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.			

PAPER.			
Paper! Paper! Paper!			
(OF ALL KINDS.)			
DU PONT & CO.,			
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers.			
Louisville, Kentucky			
Have just received from the new, large four-story warehouse, N			

MEMPHIS COURIER.

AGRICULTURE. COMMERCE.

Eight Dollars per Annum

LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

Fifteen Cents Per Week

VOL XXI. MEMPHIS, TENN.: MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1875. NO. 101

PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 12 Madison street.

The Public Ledger is served to city subscribers by express at THREE CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carrier. By mail (in advance): One year, \$3; six months, \$1.75; three months, \$1; one month, 50 cents. Postage free.

Newsletters supplied at 25 cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger.

Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in advance). Postage free.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion.....\$1.00 per square
Subsequent insertions.....50 " " " "

For one week.....3.00 " " " "
For two weeks.....5.00 " " " "
For three weeks.....7.50 " " " "
For four weeks.....10.00 " " " "
For five weeks.....12.50 " " " "
For six weeks.....15.00 " " " "
For seven weeks.....17.50 " " " "
For eight weeks.....20.00 " " " "
For nine weeks.....22.50 " " " "
For ten weeks.....25.00 " " " "

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion.....\$1.00 per square
Subsequent insertions.....50 " " " "

For one week.....3.00 " " " "
For two weeks.....5.00 " " " "
For three weeks.....7.50 " " " "
For four weeks.....10.00 " " " "
For five weeks.....12.50 " " " "
For six weeks.....15.00 " " " "
For seven weeks.....17.50 " " " "
For eight weeks.....20.00 " " " "
For nine weeks.....22.50 " " " "
For ten weeks.....25.00 " " " "

THE CODE.

Duel Between Two Young Men of Augusta, Ga.—One of the Parties Mortally Wounded.

The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist has a detailed account of the duel on Wednesday last between two young men of that city, which resulted in one of them being so severely wounded that he has since died. The meeting occurred at Sand Bar Ferry, in South Carolina, a locality about three miles from Augusta, which long ago became locally noted for encounters of this kind. The parties were George E. Ratcliffe and Charles D. Tilly. The Constitutionalist says:

From several gentlemen, among the two dozen who were present at the rencontre, we ascertained the occurrences on the fighting ground. In regular order the two for position and word took place, which was won by Mr. Harris, the second of Mr. Tilly. Both of the principals had a cool, determined air, which proved they came on no foolish errand, but had a serious business in hand. They, as well as their seconds, were dressed in dark clothing, everything being arranged in the most approved style of "the code." Without any unnecessary delay, both men were placed in their positions, ten paces apart, and it was clearly stated in what manner they should fire. Calmly and clearly Mr. Harris gave the word "Fire" and the word seemed scarcely to have left his lips before the report of both pistols rang out, and while Mr. Ratcliffe stood unharmed, Mr. Tilly was observed to sink slowly. His second rushed to his assistance, and assisted in supporting him. After Mr. Tilly was wounded he demanded a second shot, but his second would not allow it, on the ground that he was shot, and could not, therefore, do himself justice; and, on being asked by Mr. Chew whether he was satisfied, he said he was. On the reply being given by Mr. Chew, his principal, Mr. Ratcliffe, coolly turned away, and was placed by his second in a carriage. Mr. Chew then returned to the wounded man, and cordially grasping his hand, expressed his regret that blood had been spilled. The whole affair was conducted in a calm business-like manner. It was found that Mr. Tilly had been struck in the right groin, the surface of the skin being blanched for a space the size of one's hand around the bullet wound. He was placed in a carriage, and after leaving the ferry on his way home, Dr. De Saussure Ford was met on horseback, and he entered the carriage, and rode to the city with Mr. Tilly. The party proceeded to the house where the wounded man boarded, and he was placed on a bed, the wound was probed, and after a short time the ball was extracted on the opposite side of the body from whence it entered. In explanation of the cause of this quarrel, we can only say that it was brought about by reports repeated, but not originated, by Mr. Ratcliffe, damaging to the moral character of Mr. Tilly; further than this we do not feel at liberty to speak. Mr. Ratcliffe is a native of Maryland, while Mr. Tilly is an Irishman. Had the duel taken place in Georgia, it would come under cognizance of the laws, which are very strict in regard to dueling. As the affair took place in South Carolina, it is a matter to be settled in that State, should legal proceedings be instituted.

An Icelandic Home.

The boys of Iceland must be content with very few acquaintances or playmates. The valleys which produce grass enough for the farmer's ponies, cattle and sheep, are generally scattered widely apart, divided by ridges of lava so hard and cold that only a few wild fowls succeed in growing in their cracks and hollows. Then, since the farms must be all the larger, because the grass is short and grows slowly in such a severe northern climate, the dwellings are rarely nearer than four or five miles apart; and were it not for their swift and nimble ponies, the people would see very little of each other except on Sundays, when they ride long distances to attend worship in their little wooden churches.

But of all boys in the island, not one was so lonely in his situation as Jon Sigurdson. His father lived many miles beyond that broad, grassy plain which stretches from the Geyters to the sea, on the swift river Thiorva. On each side there were mountains so black and bare that they looked like gigantic piles of coal; but the valley opened to the southward as if to let the sun in, and far away, when the weather was clear, the snowy top of Mount Hecla shone against the sky. The farmer Sigurdson, Jon's father, was a poor man, or he would not have settled so far away from any neighbors; for he was of a cheerful and social nature, and there were few at Kyrkudal who could vie with him in knowledge of the ancient history and literature of Iceland. The house was built on a knoll, under a cliff which sheltered it from the violent west and northwinds. The walls, of lava stones and turf, were low and broad;

and the roofs oraz dwelling, store-houses and stables were covered deep with earth, upon which grew such excellent grass that the ponies were fond of climbing up the sloping corners of the wall in order to get at it. Sometimes they might be seen, cunningly balancing on the steep sides of the rock, grazing along the very ridge-poles, or looking over the end of the gable when some member of the family came out of the door, as much as to say, "Get me down if you can!" Around the buildings there was a square wall or inclosure, giving the place the appearance of a little fortress.

On one side of the knoll a hot spring bubbled up. In the morning or evening, when the air was cool, quite a little column of steam arose from it, whirling and condensing as it melted away; but the water was pure and wholesome as soon as it became cool enough for use. In front of the house, where the sun shone warmest, Sigurd laid out a small garden. It was a great labor for him to remove the huge stones and roll them into a protecting wall, to carry good soil from the places where the mountain rills had gradually washed it down from above, and to arrange it so that frosts and cold rains should do the least harm; and the whole family thought themselves suddenly rich, one summer, when they pulled their first radishes, saw the little bed of potatoes coming into blossom, and the cabbages rolling up their leaves, in order to make, at least, baby-beds before the winter came.

Within the house, all was low, and dark, and dismal. The air was very close and bad, for the stables were only separated from the dwelling-room by a narrow passage, and bunches of dry, salt fish hung on the walls. Besides, it was usually full of smoke from the fire of peat, and, after a rain, of steam from Sigurd's and Jon's heavy wooden coats. But to the boy it was a delightful, comfortable home, for within it he found shelter, warmth, food and instruction. The room for visitors seemed to him the most splendid place in the world, because it had a wooden floor, a window with six panes of glass, a colored print of the King of Denmark, and a geranium in a pot. This was so precious a plant that Jon and his sister Gudrid hardly dared to touch its leaves. They were almost afraid to smell it, for fear of snuffing away some of its life; and Gudrid, after seeing a leaf of it laid on her dead sister's bosom, insisted that some angel, many hundred years ago, had brought the seed straight from heaven.—From the Story of Jon of Iceland, by Bayard Taylor.

Chinese Justice.

Hon. John M. Francis writes from Shanghai to his paper, the Troy Times, an interesting account of his observations among the Chinese. One of his most interesting experiences was a visit to the Chinese court, where a magistrate was dispensing justice to criminals. Prisoners who were arraigned prostrated themselves upon their knees before him, and were allowed to make their statement in self-defense. The magistrate only examined prisoners and witnesses; no form of oath was employed. The cases were rapidly disposed of: some were discharged, others were sentenced to imprisonment for specified terms. One fellow, who had stolen twenty-four cents, was sentenced to receive two hundred blows with the bamboo and to be manacled and languished in a public street for four weeks. Then a man was brought up charged with stealing some clothing; the garments were found in his possession. A professional and confirmed thief, said the magistrate. The man made his statement upon his knees and begged for mercy. The magistrate sentenced him to be manacled at once in the courtroom with three hundred blows well laid on, and to be manacled for six weeks. The court crier made proclamation in shrill tones, and four lictors at once came forward bearing a bamboo stick. The man was taken by the lictors, placed upon the floor, face downward, stripped of his pantaloons, his blouse not being removed. One held him by the neck, another placed a foot upon his back, and another upon his shoulders, bringing it down upon the upper part of the prisoner's thighs, each time striking rigorously in one place across both legs and counting each blow. The lictors took turns in their work, each one striking twenty blows, when there was a rest of a few seconds to change off. The prisoner's countenance whitened with torture, but it was not until after 200 blows had been delivered, and swellings had bunched up more than a third of an inch on the legs, that he began to cry out with pain. The magistrate frequently commanded the lictors to strike harder and harder, and at the last the man was nearly exhausted from suffering. The work finished, he was brought up bleeding and with distorted countenance, the felon's label pasted upon a board and placed upon his neck, and he was hurried off to endure his six weeks' additional torture.

An Adventure in the Mountains.

Risky Morn'g in West.

The following extracts are from a tourist to his "home paper." Two of them were "doing Colorado," and started up "Gray's Peak" on a windy morning. We commenced our three-mile trip to the peak, understanding that we could ride our horses all the way. We had only traveled half of the distance when we missed the trail, but taking what seemed to be a mere cow-path we kept on until we satisfied ourselves that we were on the right track. A portion of the last half mile was fearful. The trail was nowhere more than two feet in width; it zigzagged along the side of the mountain, often running up steep pitches that the horses could barely climb, and while watching to keep one foot from being jammed against a rock the other would be hanging over a precipice two thousand feet deep. The horses seemed to know more about the business than we did. Finally both stopped in the snow, and would not budge an inch further toward the summit. We dismounted and held a council of war, peace, or whatever you may call it. As I looked down and saw the abyss yawning two thousand feet below I gave up. Mr. Giles said: "Let us get our horses down where we can hitch them, and then try and climb." To this I agreed. But to ride down that path through the ice and snow I would not have done for all the gold and silver mines in Colorado. I would go first, and if he wanted to ride, my horse would follow his mate without a rider. Down through the ice and snow I scrambled, but I am free to say my descent for a portion of the way

was neither upright nor dignified. In fact I "cooned it," provided a conical cap with which I could look up I could see the horses, mine looking down and Giles' looking up, their ears stretched out, and each manifested the greatest astonishment at the positions assumed by their respective riders. Mr. Giles seemed to have determined to go up anyhow, and says he did. I believe him. The appearance he presented when I last saw him indicated that he was on the upward track. When you see the stern of a ship square before you may generally believe she is not coming towards you. Giles said he reached the summit—there is no one to dispute his word—without the aid of a horse. I got down to Mrs. Lane's nearly two hours before he did. I think he was the worst-used man of the two. He brought back both horses. I would not have gone for mine if he had been worth \$10,000. I suppose there was something ludicrous, after all, in the way Giles got up and I got down. I have, in conclusion of this adventure, to advise—first, that no amateur mountaineer attempt the ascent of Gray's Peak under the circumstances we did. If he is foolhardy enough to do so, and finds it necessary to descend as I did, go first to some cobbler and have the seat of his pantaloons half-soled with a good thick leather. He had better also wear a boot-tailed coat, provided he expects to have anything but a mere fringe left when he gets through with old Gray. From Gray's Peak can perhaps be seen more land than from any other natural elevation in the world. I did not succeed in getting to the topmost pinnacle, but I got up pretty high, and supposed I saw all that could be seen east of the peak. What did I see? Mountain after mountain, peak after peak, and God only knows what I did see; but I came down as before related.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1876 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. It contains, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and is a valuable and economical addition to the library of every family. The latest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Son, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

New Advertisements.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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Organized December 15, 1846.

Assets, : : : \$43,000,000

JAMES GOODWIN, Pres't; JACOB L. GREEN, Sec'y; JOHN M. TAYLOR, Asst Sec'y.

Policies in Force December 31, 1874, 65,816; Insuring \$185,366,633 00

Receipts and Disbursements from Date of Organization, December, 1846, to December 31, 1874—28 Years:

Received for Premiums.....\$80,338,544 03
Interest and Rent Received.....18,223,185 10
Total Receipts.....\$98,561,680 03

Disbursed to Policy Holders by Death and Mature Endowments.....\$20,200,874 03
Dividends Returned to the Insured.....25,304,707 05
Surrendered Policies.....3,569,672 85
Agents' Commissions, Salaries, Medical Fees, Postage, etc.....3,847,261 30
For Taxes.....1,804,223 87

Total Disbursements.....\$54,727,748 18
Balance Net Assets December 31, 1874.....\$43,833,931 85

Percentage Returned to Policy Holders.....98.56 per cent.
Expense to Management.....6.75
Taxes.....1.82
Reserve for Liabilities.....2.87

Average Dividend to Policy Holders, 1874.....40.44
(Being 6 per cent. higher than any other Company)

Total Dividends Returned to Policy Holders, 1874.....\$3,077,872 83
Ratio of Expenses of Management to Receipts, 1874.....2.06
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38th SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE